

INVENTIVE MINDS FOUND IN PRISON

Men Seeking Parole Tell of
Benefit Their Creations
Will Bring to Mankind

SOME ARE OLD OFFENDERS

Often They Were Highly Respected as
Workmen Before Their
Conviction

Lansing, Kan.—Recent hearings before the Board of Parole of the State Prison heretofore indicate that prison solitude is a stimulant for an inventive but erratic mind. In the cases of a dozen or more men who recently have sought "another chance," it has been pleaded by them or for them that they have developed worthy and profitable patents that they could make of great benefit to the human race if they should be freed.

It is also urged that these patents will give to these men an occupation that will aid them in "making good."

No. 4555, recently released, while in prison invented a pipe wrench that is said to have advantages over any on the market. He had a long career as superintendent of large machine shops and is an excellent mechanic and of good executive ability. He was addicted to spees, and during one of these he was arrested on the charge that sent him into prison. That was after he had reared a family of boys and girls to self-sustaining age. He declared the day he left prison that his conviction was a frame-up.

No. 4733 has patented a non-refillable bottle that has undoubted merit. He is serving five to 21 years.

No. 4733 owns a long list of railroad patents, which have interested prison officers, who are planning a stock company to promote their use. One is a rail binding joint that is said to be better and 75 cents cheaper than any on the market. Another patent is on an air device that permits the engineer to dump the load off any properly equipped flat car in his train. A third is a detachable toe cork for a horse shoe. There are others in his list.

No. 3839, serving his third term, has a device that he declares will enable an engineer to open or close a switch without leaving his engine.

No. 3138, in prison for the first time, had perfected, he says, a pneumatic machine into which bundles of lath may be fed and which will place them in position on the wall and nail them with pneumatic hammers. He is an expert lather.

No. 4461, serving his fourth term, was known as an expert electrician when convicted. He has built a machine which he describes as being a combined dynamo, motor, alternator, step-up, step-down, high and low-tension transformer.

No. 3647 has patented a clothes rack which is in use in the Warden's residence. He is serving his first term, but has violated two paroles.

No. 4299 has invented a vacuum street cleaner and an acetylene gas machine that appear to have merit.

Another misguided genius is No. 3943, who is an architect of considerable merit. Recently a set of plans he drew were accepted for a Methodist church in this State, and No. 3943 wants to be paroled so that he may superintend the work. He has a great armload of bungalows and similar work that he is ready to dispose of.

No. 3218 is a peculiar case. He was released a few weeks ago on the pleas of former convicts, who he had befriended. He was sentenced for life because of a murder. He was a whiskey drinker and small town "bad man." At the prison he was assigned to the hospital, and as a nurse he has won the friendship of all who came to his ward. Of recent years he had performed many minor operations. Finally the pleas of the former convicts he had befriended availed with the Parole Board and Governor, and his life term was made 15 years, with good time off, which recently expired.

No. 1923 went at once to a large hospital, where he promises that he will "make good."

USED COAT ON BROOM AS RUSE

Woman Makes Robbers Think Husband Is Home

Portland, Ore.—Mrs. Mary McAlester outwitted three intruders who threatened to burn her house when refused admission. She hung a man's coat and hat on a cane and thrust it out the window.

DOGS CAN'T BARK AT AUTOMOBILES

Fort Worth, Texas—The dogs of Fort Worth have been warned to quit barking and barking at automobiles, under threat of arrest or death. Police Commissioner Davies, on complaint of many drivers, has decided to put a special officer on the streets to keep noisy animals from the pavement and shoot them if necessary.

RENTED HEN REFUSES TO LAY

Owner Is Sued Because Fowl Wants to Set All the Time.

Sunbury, Pa.—Because the hen he rented insisted on setting and would not lay, James H. Snyder sued Philip Bradford, owner of the fowl, for the rental and received a judgment of 50 cents.

SAYS HE SAW A REAL GHOST

"Materialized Spirit" Visits a Clergyman in London

London.—A wonderful ghost story is agitating high society, according to The London Express. The principals are people of the highest social position.

The vicar of a Kensington church was leaving the church after the choir practice when a lady stepped out of the aisle and asked him in agitated tones to come with her at once to an address near by.

"A gentleman is dying there," she said. "He is extremely concerned about the state of his soul and anxious to see you before he dies."

The clergyman followed her to a waiting taxicab, and a short drive round the corner brought them to a mansion. The lady, who seemed to be extremely agitated, urged the vicar to hurry. He sprang out of the cab, rang the bell, and a butler appeared.

"Does Mr. — live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hear he is seriously ill and has sent for me."

The butler seemed astonished almost beyond words. He expostulated that his master was not ill, that as a matter of fact he was in the best of health.

"But this lady—" exclaimed the vicar, as he turned around and then an expression of blank astonishment came over him.

The taxicab and the lady had completely disappeared.

The butler looked on the clergyman as either a madman or a practical joker, and was about to slam the door when his master came along the passage and inquired what it was all about.

"Are you Mr. —?" asked the clergyman. "I heard that you were seriously ill, that you were concerned about your soul and that you had sent for me."

He described the lady who had brought him, and the "dying" man said he could not identify her; that he had no such friend of acquaintance. They discussed this matter on the doorstep for a few moments, and then the clergyman was invited to come inside.

"It is very strange," said Mr. — "that you should have been sent on such an errand in such a mysterious way. As a matter of fact, though, I am perfectly well, I have been troubled lately about the state of my soul, and I have been seriously contemplating calling upon you to discuss the matter with you. Now that you are here let us brush aside this strange incident, and if you will give me the time we will discuss what has been on my conscience."

The clergyman stayed for an hour or so, and it was then arranged that his new acquaintance should come to the church the next morning and they would continue their discussion after service. He did not appear at the church, and the vicar, very much interested, called to see what was the matter. He was met at the door by the butler, who told him that his master had died ten minutes after he left the house on the previous evening.

They went upstairs to the bedroom where the dead man lay, and on a table in the middle of the room stood a portrait of the lady who had brought the clergyman in the cab from the church.

"Who is that?" asked the astonished clergyman.

"That, sir," replied the butler, "is my master's wife, who died fifteen years ago."

OCCUPATION GONE

Oldest of Brooklyn Drivers Regrets Failure to Prepare for Automobile Age.

New York.—Nicholas McConnell, oldest coachman in Brooklyn, in unfolding his story of the predicament into which coachmen have been thrown by the advent of the automobile, told how the prophecy of St. Columbkille in the Sixth Century, who predicted the "headless coach," had been fulfilled. McConnell said his love for horses had kept him from becoming a chauffeur.

"Had I paid heed to the warning of St. Columbkille," he said, "I would not have found myself forced to sleep in a stable, separated from the wife and two children and seeking odd jobs to get food."

"I love the horse too much. I couldn't take a liking to those foul-smelling, dynamite machines. They have no instinct—no affection."

"When my employer bought an automobile I could not bear to give up the horses, so I got work at a livery stable. Private calls, funerals and taking women shopping, kept us busy most of the time until the taxicabs started to compete with us, and those inanimate, smoking things just snatched the bread and butter from our lips. The automobile hearses took our last chance."

"I have a good wife, a boy 14 years old and a daughter who is 11, but things went from bad to worse and finally I had to send them back to Ireland. I would be willing to become a chauffeur now, but it's too late. A man I used to work for lets me sleep in his stable, but I have a lot of trouble in making enough to get something to eat. I'm willing to work, but I have worn the soles from my shoes looking for employment."

Kills Huge Wildcat

Lake Linden, Mich.—Made bold by hunger, a big wildcat which for weeks had been killing small farm animals near here, ventured into civilization and was killed by Joseph Fountain, a farmer, with a pitchfork. The animal weighed forty pounds.

Love Sets The Tune

"Oh, I feel thoroughly out of tune with everything!" sighed Nesta Wynne, music teacher.

It was a November day, with a yellow fog. You know them. The fog stung the Welsh girl's eyelids, got down her throat, reddened her poor little nose, and made her long, oh, so hopelessly, for her pure native mountain air.

Oh, how Nesta hated it all! And upstairs in her own sitting-room she heard someone hammering on her piano.

"Oh, Mrs. Wace! Who is making that fearful noise in my room?"

"And who should it be, miss, but the piano tuner?" retorted her unpleasant landlady, with an unpleasant sniff. "I asked you if Monday would be all right, if you remember, miss, and you said 'Yes.' And the piano being so shockin' out of tune—"

"Oh, very well! Send me up some tea, please. I must have that, piano tuner or no piano tuner."

"D. D. D!" resounded through the room, thumped by a man's finger.

There was a trill on the piano; a chord, then, sweet and clear, a few bars of the old Welsh song, "Charm of Love."

"How dare he play a Welsh tune, the tune Dick Owen used to sing long ago!" cried Nesta angrily.

She threw open the door and flung into the sitting-room.

"G. G. G!" went the piano tuner.

"Oh, do stop it!" Nesta almost shrieked. "Do leave off now!"

Quickly the piano tuner wheeled round. His eyes met the brown eyes of the young music teacher.

"Nesta!" he cried, amazed.

And she cried back, "Dick! Dick Owen!"

How they laughed and clasped hands. How glad they were to see each other again. And, although Nesta had given up being romantic, how she blushed.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Teaching music at about nothing an hour. And you?"

"Tuning pianos at five shillings."

"Good gracious!" cried Nesta.

"For a living?"

She made him have tea with her.

"Thanks, awfully," he replied, with a twinkle. "I couldn't have afforded tea."

"Dick! So hard up as that?"

"Stony-broke! Goodness knows what I'm going to do for new boots. If I don't make an extra five bob this week—"

"Let me lend you the five shillings," pleaded the girl. "I've got that, really. Let me lend it to you."

"Thanks, but I never borrow. It's my rule," said Dick firmly. "I've got to make that five bob."

Nesta had an idea.

"Dick, I've been offered seven-and-six for copying out a lot of manuscript music. It's hopelessly mixed up. I can hardly make it out. But do you care to take it on?"

"Rather!" agreed Dick joyfully, and when he went he was loaded with a roll of crumpled manuscript.

He brought it back in a week's time.

"Half a crown for you," said Dick.

"Thank you," said Nesta.

Then Dick bent forward, touched her little, hard-working hand, and whispered:

"How about going shares for the rest of our lives? You know what that means, Nesta?"

"Poverty always, and jolly hard work, but together. Should you think it worth it?"

"Yes," whispered Nesta again. "I should."

"Brave little girl! My sweetheart!"

"And this old piano brought us together. Not that it's much of a piano. I'll buy you another to-morrow," promised Dick, "a really decent grand piano, Nesta."

She laughed at her lover's nonsense. He talked of "buying."

"Oh, of course! And a really decent grand house to put it in, I suppose?"

"Certainly," Dick answered, quite gravely, "for I shall get the money now."

"Money?"

"Yes, the money my father left me on such odd conditions. Why, I was to show that I'd earned my own living, and supported myself for two years entirely on the proceeds of my own music," laughed the young man.

"You know dad never did think much of my music. 'Pon my word, I believe he was right. I found it impossible to get engagements, except just odd jobs at music halls. I hadn't patience to be a teacher, Nesta. I was almost on my uppers when I accepted this piano-tuning job. Thanks be I did, for it's brought me to you, darling! (Interlude.)"

"I was just able to satisfy dad's lawyers, just able to show them I hadn't begged, borrowed, or run into debt anywhere for the last two years. That seven-and-sixpence for the manuscript saved me at the last minute, I do believe. We're rich now, Nesta."

"Oh, Dick! And I never guessed!"

"Of course not. I wanted you to love me thinking I was poor and now that I'm not a pauper, you will still love me, Nesta?"

"Always," she promised again and again. "Oh, always, always!"

For the music of love's sweet song seems to end only with an "encore."

—Marie Warner.

TEMPTING DISHES FROM 'LEFT-OVERS'

Appetizing Ways of Utilizing
Remains of Roast
—Tasty Concoctions.

One of the most intricate points in household economy is that of utilizing left-overs in an attractive and appetizing manner. It is said by the French cooks that the American housewife is extravagant and that she throws away in one day what would keep a French family for two days. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but still there is a grain of truth in the statement, and it is worthy of attention in view of the present high price of living in this country. The sooner the leakages are stopped the greater peace of mind will dwell with the provider.

In buying the marketer must look at the piece of meat with an eye to judge just how many times it may appear in disguise after the first serving without arousing the family's suspicion. For if a roast appears on the table three or four times in the same form, its edges dried and the platter covered with the fragments of the last carving, one may hope to it as a time-honored acquaintance, but the odors that floated from a nearby restaurant on the way home has aroused an appetite that this joint seems inadequate to appease, even accompanied by its "canned" assistants or the first "aids" to the hurry up meal.

Assuming that the household partner knows the secret of good living, and purchases for dinner a leg of lamb weighing, say, seven and a half pounds and costing about \$1.30 to \$1.50, according to prices in the neighborhood in which it is purchased. The leg bone which, though always weighed up, is usually left with the butcher, should be cracked and 10 cents' worth of other white bones sent home with it for soup. A five-cent bunch of soup greens and a 10-cent can of tomatoes make a soup for two days; the first day with the vegetables in it, the second strained and with noodles or tiny dumplings added. The first day the lamb is served with potatoes roasted with the meat, a good gravy and a can of peas, followed by a crisp salad, then an inexpensive prune pudding and a good cup of coffee, making a four course dinner simple, yet quite tasty.

The next day the dinner starts with the clear soup with noodles or dumplings, then a platter of thinly sliced lamb garnished with deviled eggs and watercress, or a platter of thinly sliced hot lamb in the gravy left from the day before. Mashed potatoes and fried parsnips are the vegetables. This is followed by a simple celery and apple salad, and a cream rice custard, hot or cold, and coffee, which finishes the second four course dinner.

Now, for the third dinner all the meat that is left is chopped fine, mixed with boiled rice and a suspicion of onion made into croquettes, to be fried in a delicate brown. This is preceded by a cream of celery soup. The croquettes have a tomato sauce, baked potatoes and stewed corn are the vegetables and are followed by a cream cheese salad. The dessert is apricot pie and coffee. Thus endeth the leg of lamb, having supplied three dinners with needed meat.

A roast of beef may be similarly treated and the results be as astonishing. A calf's head costs in the neighborhood of cents, dressed and split, is a mine of good eating if properly managed. The brains may be removed, boiled in slightly salted water for 20 minutes, blanched, chopped and made into delicious fritters. The rest of the head should be boiled with a savory soup bunch, a slice of lemon, clove and a bay leaf. Then the cheeks are done remove them carefully to a covered dish where they will keep warm. A little later, when the tongue is done, remove that and skin it, and when it is cool, dice it and set it away, leaving the root part to chop with the other meat that falls from the bones. Strain the soup, let it cool, and then remove the grease—the smaller particles with white bluing paper—then return to the fire and add the seasoning, a wine glass of sherry, thin slices of lemon and the diced tongue. It may be a trifle thickened, if desired, but it is not customary. At dinner serve the soup, then the cheeks with tomato dressing and garnished with watercress, baked potatoes, pan-fried spinach, followed by a nut and celery salad, apple fritters and coffee.

For the second dinner serve the remainder of the soup, drain fritters with tartar sauce, garnished with sliced lemon and parsley. Follow this with green peppers stuffed with meat, and creamed celery. Salad remains with crackers and cheese, a deep dish apple pie and coffee complete the menu. This makes a soup and meat course for two good dinners at a cost of about 50 cents, and the trouble taken makes the meals equal to any prepared by a first class chef. The little tasty entrees that may be concocted by skillful hands add a touch of elegance to a simple meal and are a vital adjunct to the acquired knowledge of the student of domestic science.

Strawberry jam: Pour a cupful of red currant juice over two pounds of granulated sugar and let it stand for twenty minutes, while you boil over a slow fire two pounds of mashed strawberries, stirring constantly. Add the sugar and currant juice and simmer for half an hour; skim, and when cold seal in tumblers with paraffine.

In Paris waistcoats with huge revers to turn back over the outside coat are in vogue and have plain short backs of lining material, so that the waistcoat may be worn with several coats if desired.

Sweet or skimmed milk is good for fowls of all ages, especially the youngsters.

BOXING MATCH

Boxing fans in Toledo and vicinity have shown a great deal of interest in the boxing program of the Toledo Athletic Association that has just been announced by Secretary Lehnertz. The show will be held in the Terminal Auditorium on Friday evening, June 26, under the direction of the boxing commission.

The main event of ten rounds will bring together two of the best 135 pound boys in this part of the country, Patsy Drouillard, the light weight champion of Canada, meeting Frankie Daily, of Pittsburgh, who won the light weight championship of France in Paris last year. This bout should prove a hummer as both boys have a reputation of being willing mixers, and having a kick in either mit which means lights out if it lands.

Johnny Mack, feather weight champion of the U. S. Navy and a Toledo boy, meets Alvie Miller, of Lorain, in the semi-final of eight rounds. Weighing in at 122 pounds at 3 o'clock, Miller defeated Kid Gilbert at the club's last show and made a host of friends in Toledo by his classy work.

Eddie Kelly of Atlanta, Ga., and Frank Erne, of Detroit, a pair of 130-pounders, will mix it in the curtain-raiser of six rounds. Ollie Pecord, of Toledo, has been selected as the club's referee.

Tickets can be secured in Toledo at the Ohio Chigar Store, The College Inn, Covert Bros., and the Boddy House and Secor Hotel cigar stands.

RECENT PATENTS

Owen, Owen & Crampton, patent attorneys, 922-926 Nicholas building, Toledo, O., report the following patents granted to Ohio inventors on June 18, 1914:

Chas. G. Quackenbush, Toledo, shipping case.

William J. Sedelbauer, Toledo, floor tube.

V. G. Apple and G. B. Sayre, Dayton, indicator.

J. W. Barnes, Columbus, lock for levers.

J. Cecil, Tippecanoe, tire fastening means for vehicle-wheels.

C. W. Ecker, Canton, ventilator.

H. J. Faubel and W. Roach, Alliance, metallic tie and fastener.

G. W. Furth, Cleveland, bale-tie buckle.

C. S. Goby, Cleveland, internal combustion engine.

L. J. Gunkle, Versailles, pen extensor.

H. H. Holtkamp, Lakewood, pneumatic action.

J. B. Kirby, Cleveland, door operator.

J. B. Kirby, Cleveland, vacuum cleaner.

T. F. Lord, Mineral City, pipe coupling.

G. W. Lorimer, Piqua, thermostat.

J. E. Matson, Sandusky, power driven vehicle.

A. C. Miller, Akron, feed water regulator.

J. W. Miller, Akron, spudding attachment.

E. Molnar, East Lorain, horseshoe.

E. Poets, Cleveland, tree surgery.

F. Peiter, Cleveland, rupture preventing structure.

J. L. Rieger, Sandusky, shipping case.

W. L. Schellenbach, Hartwell, taper attachment for lathes.

K. L. Schuele, Lakewood, stair corner fastening means.

C. Seybold, Dayton, paper cutting machine.

C. E. Sheldon, Akron, padded horse shoe.

shoe.

J. W. Snyder, Ashville, sampling gage.

C. E. Speck, St. Marys, tire tool.

W. C. Stevens, Akron, tire-head-making machine.

H. E. Stratton, Empire, pipe-ring cutter.

CERTAIN RESULTS

Many a Grateful Reader Knows How Sure They Are.

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens of this vicinity. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical doubter. Read the following statement:

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In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from one to three years old, a number of them springing bag to freshen now, well marked, and in good condition. They will run 7 1/2 and 15/16 Holstein and are bred to registered bulls.

Will also offer 100 head of fully developed heavy milking cows, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice heifer and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 15/16 and 31/32 Holstein, at \$15.00 each. First draft takes them.

Write me for particulars.

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